Are you Queer? by brokenpromisesandhope

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Steve shows up at the Byers.

Are you Queer?

Author's Note:

> This is for my baby Jay Bay who wanted some soft boys. I love you honey. Also I will always write more.
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Jonathan's got a bag of frozen peas on his eye when there's a knock on his door. He hopes immediately that his mom hasn't somehow heard about the fight, and gotten sent home early. They really need the money. What he's not expecting is Steve Harrington to be at his door. His eyebrow and lip are still bleeding, his perfect hair wrecked, clothes disarray. Jonathan tenses, he really doesn't have time for a fight. Especially at his house. Where Will could home any second.

"What do you want?" He asks defensively.

"Can I come in?" Steve blurts.

Jonathan looks at him like he's crazy and Steve's shoulders drop slightly before he stands up straighter,

"Come on Byers."

Against his better judgement, Jonathan scoots over and let's Steve in. Steve surveys the house, and Jonathan knows how it must look. Everything is out of date and old. Jonathan presses the frozen bag tighter on his eye, nervous.

"I'm sorry," Steve blurts again. Everything comes out breathy, bitten out, like it's forced. Like he's scared too.

"For which part?" Jonathan snaps.

Steve swallows hard, turns to face him,

"Your brother. That was out of line. I don't, he's just a kid."

Jonathan nods,

“Thanks.”

Steve paces,

“You shouldn’t have taken those pictures of Nancy.”

Jonathan has the grace to blush,

“I know. We’ve talked about it.”

Steve snorts,

“We’ve talked about it too. As she was sobbing into my chest asking how you could do that to her. But I guess she just does whatever she thinks the guy she’s fucking wants.”

Jonathan hesitates, doesn’t know if he’s losing his leverage,

“We’re not.”

“Not what?”

“Fucking.”

Steve eyes him, sizes him up. Jonathan feels himself blush harder under his gaze. Steve pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, and a lighter,

“You mind?”

Jonathan shakes his head and Steve takes a cigarette out. Offers Jonathan one. He takes one. Steve lights his first. Than his own. He inhales deeply, then looks up, exhaling to the ceiling. Jonathan’s confused. What is Steve doing in his house?

“I figured you guys didn’t. Fuck I mean,” he waves his cigarette.

“Why?” Jonathan asks defensively.

“You’ve got, I don’t know how to say this without sounding like a dick.”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t,” Jonathan snaps, getting tired of dealing with this.

Steve shakes his head,

“No. I have to.”

Steve’s just staring at him and Jonathan sighs,

“Go on then.”

Steve hesitates. Sucks his lip into his mouth. Then hisses at the pain.

“Are you queer?” he asks quietly.

Jonathan didn’t know Steve could be so quiet. He was always yelling. Even when he was happy. He was just a loud dude. Jonathan immediately gets defensive,

“You know what, I think you should go.”

“No, no, wait. I’m not, I’m not trying to make fun of you, I swear. I, I’m something. I don’t know. With Nancy, it didn’t, she thought it was because it was my first time too, but, I think that, it didn’t feel like sex is supposed to feel you know?”

Jonathan stares. No, he doesn’t know. There’s so many things in that sentence that Jonathan doesn’t know. Steve’s first time, him not liking having sex with Nancy, him being … “something.”

“I wouldn’t know.”

Steve looks him up and down, then nods,

“Well, I mean, you jack off right? Like, shouldn’t sex feel like that? Better than that?”

Jonathan shrugs,

“You would think?”

Steve lights another cigarette,

“I mean, Nancy’s hot. Aesthetically speaking I mean. But, I don’t know. It wasn’t anything. It felt good but not like amazing,” he looks down, “I kept picturing Brad Pitt the whole time.”

Jonathan stares at him open mouthed,

“Um. Why are you telling me?” he asks quietly.
Steve shrugs,

“I figured you might know. Plus I figured if we did anything, and you told, no one would believe you.”

Jonathan’s mind whirls around the words, did anything.

“You wanna? Do something? With me?” he stutters after a few moments.

Suddenly Steve’s got him against the entry way wall, his cigarette is in the ashtray on the end table, and Jonathan can feel every hard line of Steve’s body,

“I dunno. Are you queer, Jonathan?” He asks seductively, even though his breath reeks of smoke.

Jonathan’s mind whirls. He’s never felt anyone pressed against him like this. Boy or girl. Steve’s cologne is strong and woodsy smelling, and his body is warm. He has a couple days worth of stubble on his cheeks and Jonathan has to admit, the cuts do make him look more badass.

“Yes,” Jonathan says quietly.

Steve kisses him. It’s so soft it’s barely there. He licks at his lower lip gently and Jonathan lets his mouth fall open, Steve taking the lead. Steve’s hands slide through his hair softly, everything is so soft as Steve strokes his tongue. It feels good, and Jonathan can feel himself chubbing up at even this. He couldn’t even say that he’d never had a fantasy about Steve and now it was coming true. Steve was still a dick, but he had come all the way over here to apologize. That had to mean something.

Steve pulls away smirking, letting his hand wander down to rest on

Jonathan’s bulge.

“A little eager are we?” he teases.

Jonathan stiffens and Steve nudges his jaw with his nose, pushing his erection into Jonathan’s thigh. Jonathan is actually a few inches taller and he looks down at Steve who’s brown eyes are wide,

“Me too,” he whispers.

His fingers are rough against Jonathan's lower stomach, and his fingers fumble awkwardly with the button of his jeans. It pops and Steve slowly slides Jonathan’s jeans to his knees slowly, giving him ample time to stop him. He doesn’t. Steve strokes him over his boxers a few times, and Jonathan holds his breath as Steve pulls him out of his boxers.

He licks his hand and slowly starts stroking his dick. Jonathan can’t help but moan. Someone else’s hand is nothing like his own. Steve’s hand is rough and calloused and he jerks him off like he’s had years of practice. He’s panting like he’s run a race, and Steve leans to whisper in his ear,

“Tell me how you like it,”

Jonathan groans as Steve licks the shell of his ear, and pants out,

“Tighter.”

Steve tightens his grip and Jonathan's hips jerk. His face is on fire. It goes on a few more minutes, Jonathan is holding back his orgasm by the grace of god when he grabs Steve’s hips,

“Wait, wait,” he grips out.

Steve’s hands fly off of him,

“Sorry, sorry, shit, sorry,”

“No, no, you.”

Steve looks confused, and Jonathan shakily reaches for Steve’s jeans.

Steve gives him a little smile and nod, and so Jonathan unbuttons his jeans and pushes them down. He grabs Steve out of his boxers, and of fucking course he has a big dick. He spits in his hand and wraps his hand around Steve who shivers. He strokes him a few times, and then Steve grabs his wrist,

“Faster.”

He jerks him off, listening to his little hitches of breath, and then Steve drops his head to his shoulder and wraps his hand around Jonathan. Jonathan is catapulted right back to the edge and they pant against each other. Jonathan comes first, shooting all over their hands, and Steve follows after him, grunting,

“Oh fuck,” into the worn cotton of his shirt.

Jonathan barely has time to catch his breath before he hears the keys turning into the lock.

“Oh fuck, fuck,” Jonathan says, scrambling to get his pants up.

Steve does the same, but Jonathan stands there, staring at his come covered hands. Steve pulls him into the kitchen, and Jonathan looks around, of course they’re out of paper towels. Steve, surprises him and grabs his wrist delicately, quickly eating the come off of his hands. He even moans, eyes rolling back and Jesus Christ Jonathan is gonna get hard again.

“Definitely queer,” Steve murmurs, just as Joyce calls out,

“Jonathan? Are you home honey?”